

## **I need you to make me hurt by Catharrington**

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**Summary:**

Steve isn't good with words, always told he wasn't the sharpest, but he asks Billy. He really asks Billy. And Billy responds every time. He really responds to Steve. Until he realizes one time that Steve has been shit at asking the right question.

# 1. Chapter 1

Steve's still laying out on his towel when Billy blows the whistle for the pool closing. He bundles his towel and sunblock in a ball then shoves it into his bag, all hastily, before walking into the locker room.

The place is empty. It would be spooky if Steve wasn't lit hot as a live wire. He leaves his bag on the first bench and starts for the ceramic stalls. There, just as he predicted, Billy is walking through the stalls checking for stragglers. Stragglers like Steve.

Biting his lower lip between his teeth, Steve walks right for him.

"Hey, Hargrove." Billy's head snaps towards him with those words, snaps so violently his sun bleached blond hair blows out behind him. That's exactly what Steve came here for.

"Chill out, it's just me," he giggles. Makes sure to giggle so Billy's really noticing him. "Sorry I was trying to get some sun. Gotta wash off this stinky sunblock and I'll be out of your crazy hair in just a jiffy."

Steve has walked close, close enough to smell the tan oil on Billy's naked chest. He lifts one hand up as he walks by casually, just a silly toss of his wrist, and doesn't break eye contact with Billy as his fingertips touch those sun warmed pecs. Steve let's his fingertips pull one, then the next, deliberately across Billy's chest; then he keeps walking to the farthest ceramic stall in the line up.

His body feels electric as he turns the water on, feels like it's going to shock him as he sinks his head under. The water is cold but it doesn't do anything to stop how hot he feels.

Steve gets his hair worked into soapy foam, pushing and pulling, making sure to keep his back arched as he reaches up. Making sure he looks good when Billy finally comes to look around the wall.

"Harrington," he drawls perfectly. "Are you rinsing or taking a shower? We closed five minutes..." then his voice trails off as Steve

turns around.

The last of the shampoo runs out from his hair as he lets the shower head fall around him. He's swiveled his hips, his hips that he knows look great in the skin tight and so short neon green and purple shorts, letting Billy get an eye full.

"Jesus," the running suds tickle across Steve's hard cock trapped in his shorts. Billy follows the movement, realizing with a dark look in his bright eyes why in the world Steve would stay over pool closing time.

"Harrington," he drawls out harder. Then he's stalking forward into the little stall. His huge shoulders going first. Steve turns full towards him and walks backwards, putting his back flush against the wall and loving how Billy has to chase him.

A moan breaths out between them as Billy gets his hand on either side of Steve's head. Steve's breathing is heavy, and he shamelessly moans again. If Billy hasn't thrown a fist by now then Steve's gambling was right. And he's in trouble but in a trouble he was looking for.

"What are you trying right now, pretty boy?" Billy asks low. He pulls out the nickname from before Steve graduated. And god, that feels great being hissed right into his face. But it's not the level of violence he's craving for. Not yet.

Steve lifts his hands to Billy's wrists and pulls. They don't move easily, Steve gives a yank and has to bribe him with a whimper before Billy let's him move, but then Steve is pulling those hands down to his waist. Billy gets it, he follows and wraps his thick rough to the touch fingers around Steve's waist. He is hesitant, until Steve squeezes his wrists hard. So Billy digs his fingers into Steve's hips hard to match. And that gets the biggest moan yet.

"Two guesses- ah," Steve is gasping close enough to kiss. "But I think you'll only need the one."

Billy is hissing again. "Wanna play around in the showers?" He asks while he presses Steve's hips hard into the shower wall. His reply is a

throaty moan. “God damn, you do. Came here, watching me all day, waited until close, look at you- even wearing these to show off that peach ass.” Cups one cheek just to make sure Steve is listening. And yes; he is eagerly listening.

“You want me to fuck you, huh, pretty boy?”

“I need you,” Steve answers back quickly. He lifts his hands from Billy’s wrists to run through his long curls now wet with the stream of the shower. He gently pushes them across Billy’s forehead and grips the back of his hair harsh.

“It’s gotta be you, Hargrove. Need you to fuck me good.”

That gets Billy growling, frothy and wild, growling like a dog. He dips those bared teeth down to bite against Steve’s neck. The skin is soft and pale, perfect for leaving teeth marks and sucking bruises into. Billy makes short work of it and gets more moans.

“Yes, yeah just like that,” Steve is weak, “harder!”

Billy listens and moves to another patch higher up on his neck to sink his teeth deeper into. Moving his jaws like he’s taking a bite, before licking the mark into his mouth for a hard suck. Steve is trembling with how happy he is that Billy picked a place so high it can’t be covered by a collar of his shirt.

Steve’s hands are pulling and pushing at Billy’s hair gone soft with the water. He wraps one arm more around his shoulders just to claw his fingernails across that broad back. Billy groans into the bruise of his neck. It’s fantastic. Steve does it again; the opposite direction just to reach as much tanned skin as possible. Billy starts shaking under his hand like he’s shivering.

Then Billy’s moving his hands around Steve’s waist hard, pulling him back so his hands leave his hair and then to flip him around. Steve moans out loud again as he allows his cheek to press flush against the wet tile.

“This want you need?” Billy doesn’t let him get out an answer before one hand is clapping hard on his ass. Slaps, once then again, getting the skin red, swollen and perky. Steve let’s out a mess of moans and

whimpers. Each slap gets him louder and messier.

“Oh yeah it is,” Billy mocks. His hands push the tight swim trunks down just over the curve of Steve’s ass so he can start rubbing soft circles on the making of red welts shaped like fingerprints. “King Steve begging ass up for me?” The petting moves down to Steve’s plush thighs, getting Steve anxiously squirming. Needing more.

“Harder,” Steve demands breathlessly, his words muffled from the tile.

That earns him a harsh spank, skin against skin louder than the spray of the water behind them. He shouts out loudly, trails off to a whimper, and he claws into the wall with short fingernails.

“You know what they call boys like you back in Cali?” Billy bends over Steve’s back to get right into the shell of his ear. “Open holes.”

And that has Steve sobbing into the tile. He pushes his hips back sharply and gets Billy’s hard shaft still tucked in his shorts between his ass. Billy let’s him move, grinds down on Steve’s naked ass hard.

“Come on, Hargrove. Give it to me.” The words are soft, pleading, muffled but still manage to be loud enough for convincing Billy to move.

Red shorts drop down around ankles and Billy’s reaching for the small bottle of shampoo. Steve brought it so it’s expensive shit that smells like honey and wheat. He drizzles lots on his fingertips then even more down the crack of Steve’s ass. Softly, he moves his fingers over Steve’s hole just a few times, then he pushes two fingers in hard.

“Oh, fuck,” Steve is sobbing out, pushing his chest and face harder into the wall, but pushing his hips back at the same time. “Fuck, fuck. Fuck!”

Billy’s setting a rough pace, pushing and scissoring his fingers in and out the slicked hole. Stretching Steve as wide as his jaw stretches out each lewd moan. His skin on his face looked stretchy and soft, his ass just the same.

A third finger slips in easily. The shampoo is foaming a little across

Steve's ass, the droplets of water falling from Billy's body keeps his skin shimmering and glossy. Billy knows he doesn't have to work his hole open this much, Steve wishes he wouldn't, but Billy's busy biting into the back of Steve's neck and kissing where he bites. So Steve has to croon again.

"Harder, Hargrove!"

Billy takes out his fingers and punishes Steve with a hard wet slap on his ass. But he listens. He uses the wet on his fingers ready his cock, pumping it slow in his hand. Steve watches over his shoulder and licks his lips in anticipation. That makes Billy laugh, but he couldn't care as long as he gets what he needs.

Billy lines up his cock head with Steve's hole and pushes in deep, flush all the way to his wet blond patch of pubic hair. Steve shouts louder, his face pressed hard into the wall but not as hard as his throat strains with the force of his moans. Billy moans too, hot and heavy, watching downwards at the way Steve's hole takes him all.

"God, if I knew you had an ass like this I would'a bent you over and fucked you last year," he grounds out his words between his teeth. Steve reply's with a quiver of his cock and dripping pre cum.

Billy cups one hand over Steve's hip, steadying his shaky long legs, and the other reaches up to fist into wet hair. Steve let's his head get pulled backwards, his stomach dropping, back arching, and he rests his chin on the tile so his mouth can open wide with his moans.

Billy pulls out mean and slams back in mean, not giving long for Steve to adjust. That's perfect for Steve. He's pushing right back into each thrust. His hard cock pointing straight up between them, bouncing, and bubbling pre.

"Yes, right there," he babbles.

Steve's about to beg for him again when Billy adjusts himself; shifting his heavy weight to fuck right up into Steve harder. Billy pushes his cock just right to find the bundle of nerves inside of him, easily pounding it like he knew where it was.

It's bliss, perfect; painful in the best way. Billy's skin against his is sticky with shampoo and sweat creating the best slapping noises. The sound just spurs on Steve's climax harder.

Billy's biting into the back of his neck, marking it up just like the fingerprints on his ass cheeks, and fucking his ass so hard the sounds echo in the empty locker room. Steve doesn't need much more. So when Billy lifts his cherry red lips wet with sweat and water, smelling like tan oil, and whispers into his ear, "You're such a fucking slut, Harrington," Steve peaks.

His back arches more, painfully more as Billy keeps pounding into him, and cums untouched thick white strips against the wall. The tile is already slick and the cum trails down it easily. Steve's eyes are glossy as he watches it.

Behind him Billy's thrusts are shaken by the tightening of his ass through his orgasm, he fucks right through it, until he feels Steve's neck go lax with the grip he has on his hair.

Then much to Steve's dismay Billy pulls out. He hasn't finished yet so Steve gives him a long high pitched whine. But Billy himself isn't moving, he moves Steve by the fist he has in his hair to turn and drop down to his knees. Steve is delighted to follow. He lets himself drop hard on the ground, his skin scraping, some of his cum slipping down the wall run past his legs as he folds them under himself. But Steve is focusing on Billy's thick cock pointed at his face.

Billy has his fist around the velvet shaft, wet and bright red with pressure, the head leaking white. He jerks just a few times before he's groaning and shooting off. Steve is good and opens his mouth to catch most. But Billy is messy, loves to be messy from what Steve has seen of him, and keeps jerking his cock to milk as much as he can all over Steve's face. Some under his eye, one glob on the bridge of his nose, most around his red lips. Some even gets in the wet hair sticking to Steve's forehead.

Billy comes down slowly, his breaths hard as his chest drums up and down. He keeps the fat head of his cock against Steve's open mouth, brushing against his pink tongue, making sure he's got out all the cum he could give.

Steve's watching him with glossy unfocused eyes so Billy moves his slowly softening cock to slap across his cheek, once, loving the way it trials cum across his two moles there, then again, just to see if he can bring him back to focus.

It works. Steve blinks up at him. Tears slips past his eyes but they drip to disappear with water and cum. Billy smiles at him but it's a cocky wanton thing that feels just as heavy as the cock slapping against his cheek.

"This was great," he breaths, "but don't think I'm gonna let you off. Ain't that many open holes in a Hellhole town like this." Billy unclenches his fist from his hair and pets Steve while saying exactly what he needs to hear. "And I can tell you are beggin' to be a proper slut. Wanna be my whore, Harrington?"

Steve eyes fall closed. He thinks he might cum again right there just from those words. The hand petting his hair is a nice touch. Instead, he forces his tired muscles to nod.

Billy rewards him another slap from his cock against his cheek, Steve's starting to feel the ache of its weight on his jaw bone and he thinks he would like that bone to ache more.

Just as he does, Billy's pulling away. He uses the hand on Steve's hair to shove him back against the wall, and Steve just goes. Let's himself tumble backwards, opens his eyes just to see red shorts drag up from Billy's ankles back to his waist. Billy turns on his heels and walks out. Only calling over his shoulder, "get out of my pool, Harrington," like an after thought.

Steve sags back against the ceramic tiles of the shower. He can almost feel his cum on the back of his head and he can for sure feel the cum smeared all over his face. He wishes he could still feel Billy's cock on his jaw.

But he doesn't linger. He does as he is told; pulls up his trunks and rinses off before scurrying out the locker room door.



## 2. Chapter 2

Scoops Ahoy closed five minutes ago but Steve is still pressing his hip against the counter. Robin, his coworker, just closed the gates and jogged out to the parking lot. Steve fed her some lie about needing to fix a mess in the freezer so she would go home already.

Now that she did, Steve turns quick towards the break room. He looks around to make sure he is alone for no reason before he props open the door to the service hallway.

And there, waiting leaned against the wall with his arms crossed so his leather jacket pulls taught across his shoulders and smoking a cigarette in a no smoking area, is Billy. He doesn't waste any time in pushing off the wall and pushing Steve back into the break room of Scoops Ahoy.

"Baby," he greets coldly, snubbing the cherry tip of his smoke against the break room table top before using that same hand to wrap around Steve's throat. "Kept me waiting."

Steve tries to reply but he can't, not with thick fingers digging into the sides of his neck. So he whimpers pathetically and that's enough for Billy to give him some slack. He doesn't let go of his throat, no, instead he uses it to push Steve around and get an eye full of his work uniform. No matter how many times he sees Steve dressing like a little sailor it always makes his dick hard.

Steve is trembling under those cold blue eyes. He is pulled tight and aching for a release. Aching for punishment. So he opens his mouth, "fuck me on the table, Hargrove? Or in the freezer again?"

Billy laughs at him. His fingers tighten a little around his neck in a great way. "Nah, pretty boy. I have another idea." Then he's pulling Steve by his throat towards the door, pushing it open with a shove of his elbow, and crowding Steve's back against the register.

They are on the associates side looking out the glass windows and over empty buckets where ice cream cools. Looking out at the empty tables where the patrons of the great town of Hawkins sit and enjoy

their food. Billy's got him pinned where he has to stand and work hours a day, and Steve is purring with how excited getting fucked here is making him feel.

"What do you think about getting fucked in front of all your happy customers? Huh? Yeah. Right here is perfect for a slut like you," Billy leers. "Drop."

Steve drops to his knees and Billy let's go of his neck to let him. The metal of Billy's belt buckle rings loud in the empty parlor as Steve works it off. He pulls his jeans just enough down to get his hard cock flopping out on his face, hitting the bone of his jaw hard. Steve moans loud and it makes Billy laugh at him.

"Eager for it, sailor?"

But Steve doesn't care, he already has his fist around the soft skin of Billy's hard cock and lays the head on his tongue. He curls his tongue under and it makes Billy shiver. He pulls with his tongue until the cock is stretching out his pretty pink lips and it makes Billy moan. Steve loves seeing how much he can get away with.

Bobbing his head on Billy's cock and making a mess, drool and spit dripping down his chin to his red sailors ascot, Steve's head is foggy. He rolls his eyes to the back of his head as Billy's cock triggers his gag reflex. More spit dribbles out, his shirt will be ruined.

Billy's got his hands on Steve's hair, simply grabbing the soft brown locks; waits until his balls go tight and then starts fucking into Steve's face. Hard and mean, he moves Steve's head like a toy around his cock. Pushing him all the way down, pink lips buried into his blond bush, lingering there as his throat gags around him, then letting off with a hiss.

Steve leans back with his jaw hanging open and sore. His head bumps against the underside of the counter where Billy's hands aren't holding him upright.

"That's right, a hard working cocksucker," Billy's voice is berating.

Steve hopes that Billy is enjoying the view as he stares down on him

with crystal clear blue eyes because Steve knows he loves to be on his knees.

It's short lived, unluckily, Billy's hand is back in Steve's hair and pulling him to stand up. "Oh, fuck, Hargrove!" Steve whimpers out as Billy's hands roughly press him against the silver metal of the cash register. Steve doesn't fully mind; he lets himself be manhandled and curses only sometimes.

"Sluts like dick, whores work for their cash, that true, Harrington?" Billy is bent over Steve's back, one hand pressing his hip down on the counter and the other holding his skull against the keys of the cash register, using his body weight to make it hurt.

"Yes, yeah," Steve mumbles.

"I'm thinkin'... you're a slut who likes to think he's a whore. For a little self reflection?"

Steve moans loud into the empty lobby of Scoops Ahoy.

"I am right; right, slut?" And Billy's pressing his soaking wet cock under the hem of Steve's shorts and right up to his ass cheek. "Say it," he he pushes harder, getting his cock under Steve's underwear now. Pulling the unforgiving uniform up around his thighs painfully.

"I'm a slut," Steve whimpers hot against the metal of the register. His tears make his eyes close. His cock gives a hard kick against the front of his shorts.

"There's my bitch. Now who's filthy little slut are you?" Billy moves his hand off the back of Steve's head and slaps his face just enough to get the sound echoing.

"Hargrove's slut," Steve purrs.

His cock is dripping pre cum thick, his body shivering warm under the weight of Billy. The feeling of Billy's cock pressing shiny on his ass. The fire of those words cutting into his skin. Everything is making Steve feel like his brain isn't his own.

Billy slaps him again, makes it harder this time. Steve moans.

Then Billy pushes Steve's navy blue uniform shorts down just under the curve of his ass. He gets a handful and squeezes, hard, working the muscle under his hand because the muscle is his to work. He leaves red marks all across the pale skin of Steve's ass just perfect. Steve squirms once and gets the punishment of a spank he likes far too much. So Billy continues to squeeze until Steve's a sobbing whimpering mess.

"Lube?" Steve chokes out between moans. Desperate under the thick fingers so close.

Billy laughs at him in a mocking tone. "Why would I bring lube, pretty boy? Doesn't my cock sucking sailor boy have anything?"

Steve repeats that name back in his head five times before replying. "Shit, I don't know- ah!" Billy spanks his ass hard. "Maybe, maybe behind you?"

Moving his hand away to turn over his shoulder Billy eyes up and down their window sill for something to use. He clicks his tongue and swipes a bottle of cherry syrup. He's already getting the sticky slick around his fingers before Steve can comment. Moving to drizzle it right above Steve's ass, the topping for his customers orders dripping cold down his crack and against his hole. Steve pushes his face harder into the keyboard of the register and moans.

Billy's back leaned over him, teeth bared in a snarl against his neck, fingers slick working his hole. "This is more than you deserve, slut," he growls while pushing two fingers in to their knuckles.

Steve's legs tremble under him, sagging limp, he's thankful for having the counter to hold him up. "Yes, oh my god, yes," he's chanting as Billy stabs hard into his hole, wiggling and moving his fingers around to stretch him out quickly not nicely. Steve's hips are moving with the fingers, pushing back against them, needing more.

"Harder," he begs.

Billy slips in a third finger before he's ready and the stretch hurts, but Steve's lost in another out loud moan, his eyes squeezed shut. His cock is rock hard and trapped against the inside of his shorts. He can

feel something wet dripping down his balls. The cherry syrup is slick but dense and tingles where it touches. Billy likes the way it makes his ass glossy pink and Steve likes the pain.

“I need you- please- I’m ready?” Steve gets out each word around Billy’s quick stabs, breathless and shy, asks it like a question.

That has Billy pulling his hand back to reach for the bottle again. He gets his cock wet with cherry syrup, pumping it huge against the outside of Steve’s hole, smirks when Steve cranes his head to see it.

“Come on, fuck me, Hargrove?”

Billy lines up and pushes in to his root. Steve braces his arms against the counter but he can’t stop the shout he lets out, heavy and needy, so needy for it.

This time, after enough times, Billy knows Steve doesn’t like to sit and wait for it to feel comfortable. So Billy grabs into the soft back of Steve’s thigh, hikes one of his legs up onto the counter, pulls out and slams back in.

“Fuck yeah,” Steve moves his mouth just enough to dribble drool on the registers keys, “oh; fuck, fuck!”

Billy’s pounding into him hard and right, angling his hips under to push up and brush that bundle of nerves inside of Steve, getting root deep each time. The syrup leaves globs between them and creates a filthy mucus of lines that pull and snap at each buck. It’s mesmerizing.

Billy pulls his eyes away only for kissing into the back of Steve’s neck. His lips are wet against wet skin. So he bites hard, feeling the vibrations of Steve’s long moans, bites harder. He’s got a mouth full of dark brown hair and he bites on that too.

“You’ve got the tightest hole in Hawkins,” Billy let’s go to gasp out, like it’s some great compliment to breath into sex, but Steve curls under the words.

“Tightest hole belongs to the cheapest whore, ain’t that funny, Harrington?”

Steve wants to dip his hand and jerk himself to cum but he can't move his hands away from the locked clawing motion he's doing across the counter. Can only lay there and take it as Billy fucks him raw over his workplace counter. As he likes it.

Steve finches as Billy's teeth yank his ear shark teeth sharp enough to draw blood. "I'm-," he starts to whimper, "I'm close, harder!"

Billy laughs, swollen lips pressed against his skin. "Hurry then, get the front of your little sailor uniform pretty with all your useless cum. Go ahead. Cum for me, slut."

The last word is a hiss right into the shell of Steve's ear, he bends his neck towards the sound and feels Billy's mustache dig into his heated skin. Rubs him raw enough he hopes it makes him bleed.

And that makes Steve cum, rutting pathetically into his bunched shorts, just as he was told. His cock is rod straight and hot shooting it's own cum against itself that burns the sensitive head.

Billy doesn't let up, doesn't stop fucking him the whole time his muscles go limp from cuming untouched. Billy's cock is hot and hard inside his stretched out hole mercilessly taking, pumping, ruining Steve's insides. Doesn't stop fucking him even as Steve's shouting moans die out to whimpers muffled by the keys his face is still pressed into. Doesn't stop until he feels himself miss a thrust, mismatching his pace.

He's coiled tight, fills Steve's glossy pink hole to the brim one more time, his blond pubic hair squelching against the globs of cherry syrup, then pulls out quick to jerk off onto his back.

"Ah, there we go," Billy's cooing to himself as he shots off across the globes of Steve's ass and up his back. Gets plenty on his shirt bunched up around his armpits.

Steve's lost his mind and his voice face down on the counter at scoops ahoy. Behind him Billy is breathing back to life quicker than he does. He grabs a handful of Steve's ass still hiked up with one leg spread and on display for him, slipping his thumb inside his cherry flavored stretched hole just to get Steve to moan.

Then he's stepping back, wiping his sticky hands off on his jeans, and tucking his spent cock back inside.

Billy hesitates behind Steve. This is usually the time he shoves off with a cruel word, promise of next time. Today he wraps his hand around the sore bitten to hell back of Steve's neck and doesn't apply pressure, just wraps his thick fingers.

Steve blinks his eyes into focus. Tears drop down to join the drool between the keys under his face. Steve watches Billy watch him, and he wonders if he's finally going to get punched.

Then Billy reaches forward to the 'sale' button on top of the register. He pokes it and the drawer pops open with a sickening jingle of coins. Billy fists out his wallet, flashing Steve a look at the twin dollars he pulled, before reaching behind. Steve goes warm all over as he feels the rough paper drag of the money across the hot cum on his back.

The dollars come back to his vision, Billy holding them outright for Steve to see. He's mortified as Billy drops one dollar in the register, then has to will down a moan as Billy presses the other dollar to his bow shaped lips. Steve opens his mouth and lets Billy feed him the rotten taste of the money dripping with a fat glob of wet cum.

"What kinda guy would I be if I don't pay the cheapest, sluttiest little whore in town?" Billy laughs.

Steve closes his eyes tight; focusing on not cuming in his shorts a second time and ignoring the way Billy's face is beautiful when he smiles.

Then there's another sharp spank on his ass, sending him higher up on the counter with the force, and Billy's walking back into the break room. Steve listens as the service hallway door opens then closes with its metallic hydraulic press. He waits longer, imagining boots stomping off into the darkness.

He lingers. Before he takes the bill out of his mouth slowly, taking the other one from the register, then dropping off the counter. His knees give out under him, he spills messy and hard against the

ground. Steve braces himself with his hands, pushing to sit up on folded legs; clutching the money covered in Billy's cum tight in his hand.

A few deep breaths. Then one good push. And Steve's up, pulling his shorts and shirt back into place and dragging his feet around to clean as best he can. The counter might smell like cum for a while. He can live with that.

Steve has the dollars tucked in his pocket as he flips the lights off. He stands in the darkness for a moment. He lingers. Thinking about Billy's hand on the back of his neck. Trying to think about his teeth but instead can only think of his warm, soft hand.

Steve locks the door to scoops with a hard click and jogs to his parked car



### 3. Chapter 3

Steve's leaning against the side of his house watching a steel blue Camaro rumble up and park. The engine shifts off, the purring engine that makes his mouth water, and then the lights die. Billy swings the heavy metal door open and steps out for Steve to see. He's parked half way in front of Steve's house and halfway in front of the woods. For any onlookers there's a chance this hot rod has nothing to do with the good mannered Harrington boy.

Billy levels him with a glare. His sea blue eyes lit up bright with the cherry of a lit cigarette between his teeth. Closing the door behind him, he just watches from where he's standing.

Steve's annoyed he's just standing there, his back starting to go sore where he's leaned against the wood paneling of his house. So he slides one hand up his body to unbutton the clean white button up he's trapped in.

Not five minutes ago he was at a dinner playing nice and pretend with his parents, picking at the food on his plate that cost more than he makes in a week at Scoops Ahoy, squirming in the buttoned collar white shirt and black slacks he's still wearing now.

Then his parents fucked off, and Steve needed to get fucked, so he called the Hargrove house and talked to Max sweet until she put Billy on the line. Something for school, he lied to her, I've got to return a folder of study notes he forgot.

But really Steve was giving much more than a folder of notes back.

He dragged his hands across his skin hot to the touch, burning for Billy to come, and unbuttoned just enough to drop the shoulder of his shirt giving Billy a nice show.

And that did it, Billy throws his smoke down into the well maintained lawn before stalking towards Steve. He's got his hand around Steve's throat before he can ask please. His lips on the long naked splay of Steve's throat, biting and licking, sucking pale skin into a bruise in the same spots the last ones only recently healed

from.

Steve's head is tilted back, his styled hair flattened against the wood wall behind him, and moaning with each breath.

Billy has his other hand on his hips, right where the white shirt is tucked neatly into black slacks. He's shoving with all his weight against the bones under him. Working and pushing those hips harder and harder down until Steve's knees are useless in keeping him up.

"Hargrove," Steve moans up to the stars. "Ah- fuck," his words crash around his mouth with one good squeeze of his throat.

"Pretty fucking needy, pretty boy," Billy bites his words right into Steve's sore neck. "Pretty fucking stupid calling my house so late. Study notes? Come on, babe?"

Steve preens with the words. Doesn't know if he likes being called stupid or babe more, only knows his cock is painfully hard in his pants.

"I need you, Hargrove. Need you to fuck me good," he's whimpering by the end of his pleading. His vision going blurry with just how much he needs it.

The fingers around his neck tighten to shut him up tight. Steve let's him stop his breath, let's him leave marks in the shape of fingerprints around his whole throat.

Billy growls dark into the skin pulled tight across his open jaw. "Yeah I'm sure you do, slut. Sure it's eating you away to be without a cock in your ass, huh?" He pushes his thigh between Steve's legs and gets his response as a meaty kick from a dripping cock. Gets Steve rutting against him even when he's pinned like a bug against the wall.

Billy growls harder. "Such a stupid, needy cock-hungry whore just for me."

Then his hand lets up. Steve sputters back to life with deep breaths, gasping with whimpers and moans all stinging together. His eyes wet around his dark eyelashes, but he's quick to blink those away.

Billy's fingers play over Steve's sharp collar bones, pushing warm on

soft skin. Steve rasps a shaky breath, one and then another, absentmindedly rocking against Billy's thick thigh slotted between his legs.

He feels his breath even out enough to risk speaking. "I've got the shed cleaned out, just like last time. You can call me your pool boy slut again. Need it."

Billy laughs against his jaw again, making fun despite them being a repeat of his own words. He turns to look around at the backyard. What the Harrington's call a shed is a locked unit the size of Billy's bedroom. It's hot and damp and has a huge tarp folded up that's perfect to press Steve's face onto while he pounds into him. But Billy shakes his head.

"I've got an idea." He actually moves to level him with a look. Steve notices his eyes are clear, pretty, and his hair is shorter in the back with how tight the curls are. He must have spent a lot of time on them. Steve's hands twitch to touch. But he keeps them at his sides for now and listens.

"Mommy and daddy home?" Steve shakes his head no. "Great. I'm going to fuck you right by the pool side. Out in the open, for anyone to see, huh? Would you like that?"

And that has Steve nodding his head yes.

So Billy wraps his hand back around Steve's throat and pulls him close, chest to chest, then he uses his other hand to wrap around Steve's thin waist. He hikes him up, lifting Steve from the ground, and doesn't have to order him to wrap those long legs around Billy's stocky waist.

Steve is a whimpering thrusting mess, his hips still working where they are flush on Billy's hot body, all the noises in his throat swimming with the pressure of fingers around him.

So Steve let's himself be carried slowly across his backyard and to a reclined lounge chair. Steve let's himself get lifted even farther and slammed down against the springy plastic bands.

"Yes, yeah, Hargrove!" He groans out. The metal of the middle bar

digs hard into his spine as Billy crawls between his legs. Steve spreads his legs wider to make room.

In no time, Billy is back pressing down on him hard, his two thick arms caging Steve's head in on either side, and wet lips against his throat like he never left. Steve let's his hands work where they want to, gripping and pulling hard through curled hair.

Billy doesn't fuss or complain about the treatment, even when Steve's fingernails scratch or catch a knot and pull, he is busy licking across Steve's ice cream cold skin and leaving thick lines of drool. To make this clean white shirt dirty, Steve thinks. Steve hopes.

"Oh, just there-," Steve's plea cuts off with a particular deep lick through the dip under his Adam's apple that draws a hot moan. "Bite me, mark me. Hargrove! Harder!"

But Billy doesn't sink his teeth hard, like he knows Steve is begging for. Instead he nuzzles his nose into the bob of his throat. Rocks his hips slow down into Steve's, painfully slow. The bulge in his jeans is apparent; must be crying under the fabric, and Steve's cock is just as hard, just as wet with pre cum trapped in his black slacks.

He needs Billy to wrap his arms around him and finally flip him over, stop dragging out the clawing need in his stomach and give it to him. Hard. Like they agreed.

But Billy grinds down his hips slowly again, really pressing into the softest part of Steve. Billy presses down and lifts back up, dragging back with him one of the wettest moans Steve's cried out yet.

"Let me do something a little different, babe," Billy wraps his voice around Steve's mind and snaps it forward.

Steve catches his breath and looks up. He sees Billy looking down at him. And instantly, Steve notices the softness in those cold blue eyes, the way they flutter half closed, and the way one is swollen bright red with a crescent of bruised skin. Steve doesn't know what to do, hasn't seen Billy with a shiner in a long time. He's never seen Billy looking at him like this.

Steve decides to drag one hand down from Billy's hair and rub his thumb gently once across the red bags of his eyes. That has Billy closing his eyes, blissful and eased into the touch, Steve can't stand to see that violence taken away from him.

"What are you doing, Hargrove?" He asks with a shaky breath, as he curls his fingers back into blond hair and pulls hard enough to hurt.

"You wanna be my slut, Harrington?" Billy rasps. He doesn't open his eyes.

"Yeah?" Steve's voice is raw.

"My slut," Billy repeats, but it hits different. It's sour on his tongue and not acid. It's burning but not hot. "Hargrove's slut."

Steve pulls his hair again, the crimson of Billy's swollen eye moves when he winces in pain.

"What's-," Steve starts.

"Let me try something different, okay?" Billy locks him to the poolside chair with an upturn of his lips. He sneers- letting his canine teeth come out. But these are not for biting.

He moves one hand and slides it easy across Steve's bare chest down to his hips. The touch is warm, soft, as Billy's hand cups around Steve and traces the outline of his cock.

Steve's breath catches. He whimpers a soft pleading thing. "Hargrove," he wants to drag his name, needs to order him to go harder.

But Billy shakes his messy blond curls. "Call me Billy, okay? That's my name."

That gets Steve to close his eyes because he's going to cry if he doesn't hold it in. Billy strokes him, slowly massaging his cock through his pants with a twist of his wrist. The touch is gentle in a way Steve's never felt, soft and easy in a way he can't begin to understand. Billy's leaned farther down to rub his nose across his cheek. The closest he's ever been. And he's dragging his round button

nose up higher and higher.

Steve has his tongue between his teeth, only lets go when he tastes blood.

He parts his lips in a gasp as Billy stops right above them. Right before Billy tries to kiss him.

“Stop,” he begs.

Billy’s eyes snap open. Their blue color is clouded now with bubbles like the edges of an ocean wave. “What’s wrong, Steve?”

Another blow, another whimper. Steve turns his head sharply. Can’t look into those eyes anymore after that. “Stop asking shit. Just- just get off me,” he begs.

The hand leaves his hips, and Billy leans back, but he doesn’t get off. He keeps himself propped up hovering over Steve. “I don’t get it. Was it something I did?”

“Don’t touch me like that.”

“Like that? I didn’t think I was being hard-,”

“Exactly,” Steve groans out. His throat heaving with the effort.

Billy’s getting it slowly. He swallows thick. The hard breath he blows out his nose smells like Marlboro reds. “You don’t wanna be touched... like that?”

Steve doesn’t reply. He’s keeping his head turned to the side, offering up his neck like an animal playing dead. His eyes glossed over as he watches his pool water glow.

Billy grabs one of Steve’s hands that were laying limp and pulls it to his chest. “Steve?” He whispers as his thumb starts rubbing circles.

Steve remembers that warm hand rubbing against the back of his neck, comforting the bite marks as they flowered on his skin, reassuring him he’s still inside of his own skin after all the bullshit, and suddenly Steve isn’t strong enough to hold back the tears in his

eyes.

“Please get off of me,” Steve whispers.

Billy doesn't move. “Are you crying? Jesus fuck, Steve- babe, just talk to me?!”

And Steve can't help it; he's furious he's gotten caught crying, feeling, and being weak. Caught by the one person who was never supposed to see.

So he rips his hand from Billy's soft grasp and slaps his chest. Skin on skin is a loud impact in the empty backyard. Billy tries to catch around Steve's wrists, but he's fast as he strikes out again. This time with two palms on Billy's chest.

“Get off me!” He screams.

Billy jumps backwards off the lounge chair, his hair wild, his eyes wild, his chest heaving with breaths. And finally, his skin is the red patchy blotchy mess from slaps. Not only Steve's skin is marked. Two handprints flushed red right under his sparkling gold pendant.

“What the hell, Harrington!” Billy rages. And Steve can't look at him any more.

He turns over to his side and curls up into himself, pulling his legs up and protecting his soft middle. Protecting his bared stomach from the wild animal he invited in.

“You asked me for all this shit! You've asked me every step of the way! And now this is some deal breaker- me wanting to...,” Billy's ranting loses steam as he tries to work what happened into words. Steve isn't looking. “Wanting to...,” he starts again.

“Wanting to touch you proper. Gentle and nice, instead of just fucking you.” Billy finishes it.

Steve can't stop crying. Can't stop shaking. He lifts his hands up and curls them over his ears so he can't hear anything else Billy has to say.

He doesn't lift his hands off when he watches Billy enter his line of vision as he walks away. His boots stomping soundlessly across the grass back to the Camaro. The engine starts and Steve clutches his ears tighter to try and drown that out, but it's too loud. The purring noise revving louder in his brain than his own thoughts. He wants to step out in front of the noise and let it run him down.

Instead Steve lays on his poolside lounge with his hands covering his ears as they ring and ring and ring. He doesn't try to stand. Knows he wouldn't make it far if he attempted. So he lays curled tight in a ball.

Steve tries to block out the memory of a soft voice calling out his name in a careful question with the growl of a car engine spinning away in anger.

After a few hours it hasn't worked yet, but still he tries.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Sorry :(



## 4. Chapter 4

Steve sits at his desk quietly. Fingertips trailing over the piles of loose leaf papers. Thin as dead leaves, their crinkling the only noise in the entire room. The entire house.

His parents had left that morning. His father waiting until Mrs. Harrington got hugging her son out of her system, then stepped forward to push a thick manilla folder into his chest.

College applications, he explained. They needed to be filled out and mailed off by the end of the week, he demanded.

So Steve dragged himself up the carpeted stairs to the landing outside his room. Opened the door with an echoing creaking. And laid down the folder so it slid across the gloss covered grained wood of his desk. And he looked down at the printed words as they swirled and swirled. And looked. And looked.

But all the formal language welcoming him to try his best to apply for a higher education didn't make it past Steve's brown eyes. Inside his head, the same night was churning in his mind.

Dark blue in color, then lighter blue around the edges of the waves of his memories. Light as the steel color of Billy's Camaro. Seemed fitting, it was his words after all that kept pushing around the waters of his memory pool.

"Let me try something a little different, okay?" Billy had whispered to him. His lips were close enough to kissing him, Steve could taste the cigarette ash.

"Call me Billy, okay? that's my name," he had asked so, so softly.

Those thick, rough hands with their short nails chewed down to sharp stubs dragging soft as silk over his hips. Over the entirety of his skin.

Steve doesn't even have to close his eyes. The memories are replaying so, so loud.

He doesn't have to think to imagine how Billy's hands dropped from his skin. So limp, and sad. And after he left, leaving only the cold iron of the lawn chair digging where those fingers had been.

Steve stayed out that night and didn't even get sick. He wished he had caught a cold or the flu or anything to make him physically as ill as he felt mentally.

But he hadn't gotten sick. So he had to pretend to be okay for the last of his parents' visit. Had to pretend he wasn't drowning in his bad choices as he followed his father to fill out job applications. As he carried the wrapped packages inside after shopping with his mother.

As he ate dinner, and took a shower, and slept, and woke up. He pretended everything was okay.

He was just a stupid teenager, giving into the last of his stupid teenage cravings.

And now, it was over.

The ringing of a phone snapped Steve out of his trance. He yanked his head back, didn't even realize he had slouched so far down.

Throughout his empty house the ringing of the phone vibrated like a moaning ghost. Pleading Steve to come down and answer it. Steve braced his hands against the edge of his desk to push himself up to his feet. He swayed a bit, blood flowing back into his legs rapidly, before giving a soft jog out to the landing.

Steve descended the steps, the phone ringing getting louder as he walked closer.

And then, right as he hovered his hand over the receiver sitting in the entrance hallway, he hesitated. His breath started to panic, catching back up to his lungs.

But he hesitated too long. And the ringing stopped. There was a quick succession of clicks that started the tape recorder for the answer machine. Steve kept his hand hovering over the phone as he listened.

"Steve?" A familiar voice whispered out from the static. "Hey, Steve.

I'm... sorry. About the other night. About lots of things. And I know I ain't got any right asking you for... asking you for anything. After what I did."

The line went quiet for a second. Steve could hear shuffling and a quiet curse. The familiar rubbing together of a warm leather jacket.

"Jesus- fuck, I just hope you get this and not your damn old man. But, Steve, please... come find me. Come... stop me. I'm not thinking too great right now. Just, please—,"

Steve's hand snatched up the phone, bringing it to his ear in a second. "Hargrove," he interrupted the other boys rambling.

"Steve?" Billy exhaled as if he had come up from under water. And how dare he, honestly, when it was Steve who's been drowning.

"Why are you calling me, Hargrove, is there something wrong?" Steve knew his voice sounded snappy. But it was far better than begging like Billy was doing.

"Gotta be something wrong for a call, pretty boy?" Billy chuckled, his laughter fake and dry.

Steve didn't say anything back. Just left a silence between them that was filled with their breaths. Steve didn't realize he was huffing so hard. As if he had been running for miles. He closed his eyes to try to steady himself.

"Yeah okay," Billy groaned out. "There is somethin' wrong. I've been doing some dumb shit since. Well, since.... you know. And this is a little bit of a last ditch effort." Billy's voice trails off. He's saying so much shit but not answering any of the questions flying through Steve's head.

"Are you in trouble?" Steve says softly, mostly to break Billy out of his silence.

"Oh," Billy chuckles again, "just a little ya'know— yeah. I am." Billy cuts his own words off. Rushing them as if pulling off a bandaid.

"Can you meet me? Tonight?" He begs.

“Tonight?” Steve parrots back.

“Yeah,” Billy drawls his voice like an old time cowboy, “tonight. Right now. Come out and meet me at the quarry over hang. Please, Steve. Come stop me.”

Then the line clicks dead loudly. The unmistakable jingling noise of a metal cord and hard metal receiver. He must have called from a pay phone on the highway.

Steve lowers his own phone back to the rest. Let's it fall silent with a plastic click. Stops, and thinks.

Thinks he can feel teeth marks on the back of his neck. Thinks that's what he needs. That's what he's been asking for. Been craving for. It feels so good.

But, mostly, he thinks he can feel soft hands petting across the back of his neck. Thick fingers being the most gentle they've ever been.

Steve closes his eyes and he can feel them perfectly.

When he opens them, he makes to grab for his jacket and car keys. Shrugging his light coat on quick as he can. Not caring to turn the lights off behind him or even lock the door as he jogged down the porch to his BMW.

Of course he was going to run back, he admitted to himself as he backed out his drive way. As his tires spun hard enough to melt rubber across the pavement. Of course he didn't have enough sense left in himself to know a fire when it burns. To know when he should take his hand off the stove top.

Hell, he's the one who turned the fire on. He walked into the Hawkins Community Pool with those shorts literally asking for it. Literally begging for it. And now as the dialogue has flipped, and it was Billy's voice static and garbled over the the receiver. Begging for his help. Steve couldn't bring himself to say no.

Even when he knows he should. In every way he knows, he should be filling out those mountains of college applications his father left him with like a good boy.

He should. He should. He should.

But he couldn't.

The quarry was a dark place a night. It was an abandoned place, so there weren't any massive lamp posts or houses to give off any light. There was only the narrow, dirty road. The gravel reflecting sparse moon light. And on either side of that the tall wall of the forest loomed.

Steve was used to the line of trees. It wasn't too far from his home, after all. As he pulled up and shut off his headlights, he sat and waited patiently for his eyes to adjust for the light of the moon.

Farther up the road he can now make out the low to the ground shape of a Chevy Camaro. And then even farther down he can see where he knows he needs to go.

There's a trail that leads right up from the gravel road. Not a marked one like at a national park, no, this one is simply beaten down and carved by shoes of locals. All trying to waste time by looking down at the quarry waters.

There was a no trespassing sign faded from years of harsh weather on one tree. Steve's jacket bushed passed it as he made his way up that trail.

And at the top. Right at the edge of the forest floor. Where the ground breaks apart and gives way to a sheer drop. Billy stands with his hands in his pockets.

"Hargrove," Steve calls.

Billy's head turns from where he was glaring into the waters. Now, his glare was leveled on Steve's dumbstruck face.

Then in a flicker of recognition, Billy's face dropped. His face wrinkling and eyes tilting like a scolded dog. Billy even turned from the edge, his hands still deep in his pockets, to face Steve with a bowed head.

Steve hated it. Couldn't find the Billy under all of it he knew so well.

It made his heart swell up against the inside of his rib-cage.

Steve balled his fists tightly at his sides.

“What’s,” Steve started. His tongue feeling heavy and fat against his sharp teeth. “What am I doing here, Hargrove?” He asked.

Billy kept silent for a second. His shoulders stiff, and his head facing downwards. Steve had a lurching feeling for a moment, a gripping in his gut, that he wanted to rush forward. To hold Billy in his arms. To pet away the shame and storm clouds hovering over his wet, blond, fur coat.

But Steve didn’t. He waited for a reply.

“I...,” Billy let out one word before it fizzled away.

His throat worked with the effort. Swelling up and down to try and make more. His Adam apple bobbing desperately. Steve’s eyes flicked from it down to his open shirt. And there was that glowing golden chain still holding that medallion so close to his heart. It shimmered in the moonlight. Rippling brightly as the waves at Billy’s feet.

Steve moved his eyes back up to Billy’s face. Pursing his lips.

“Got me pretty fucked up, Harrington,” Billy finally exhaled. “Got me all wrapped around your pretty little fingers. Then just threw me away.”

Furrowing his eyebrows, Steve opened his mouth to say ‘it wasn’t supposed to end like that’. He should say ‘I didn’t mean to hurt you’.

What Steve does manage to say is: “What do you mean? It was just sex?”

Billy visibly flinches from his words. His shoulders jutting upwards, his hands clutching the insides of his pocket to his stomach. As if to hold the blood back that spills from the wound Steve just cut.

He exhales again, a long drawn out thing. Horrible and creaking as the wind as it pushes the skeletal tree branches around their heads. His eyes flutter open, Steve’s not strong enough to not look for them.

“Yeah,” Billy agrees, “it was. I... I know that.”

With those wild blue eyes, he's searching Steve's face. Searching as if he's trying to speak without saying, as if he thought hard enough Steve would read his mind. Like some twisted experiment of holding playing cards to test for psychic abilities. Billy's got his card clutched tightly in in hand and he's begging, pleading, for Steve to guess it right.

Steve doesn't want to guess. He wants to forget it ever happened. It should never have happened. He just wants the pain to go away. So he keeps his mouth shut.

Billy doesn't stand the silence for too long. He shakes out his hair, looking down into the waters and then back towards Steve. His eyes now cloudy and unfocused, lingering in the trees behind Steve. Like he can't even look at him.

“Probably happens to you all the time, huh? King Steve.” His voice takes a turn. Absorbs some of that fake malice that Steve's so used to. The insults and pet names that left his mind empty. Left his mind raw.

It sends shivers across his back.

He misses it. He misses Billy, so much.

“Probably doesn't even affect you to have bitches crawling on all fours, huh? Can't be tied down to one cunt so you just use and loose, huh? Am I right, King?” Billy's voice grows and grows in anger and volume.

Steve flinches from that last word. From the nickname he hates from the lips he adores.

“No,” he tries to disagree. To defend himself, but Billy cuts him off.

He yanks one hand out his pocket and holds it up. Steve's a good boy. He closes his mouth quickly. Shuts it with a click of his jaw.

“Don't lie, Harrington. Don't lie to me, Steve. Please.” Billy's voice is hurt. All the anger simmering again. He scrubs that hand over his

face, like he can hide how upset he looks.

How stepped on and beaten down. How shivering and cold.

Steve can actually see it then, when Billy lifts his hand to touch his face, Steve can see how it's trembling.

He doesn't know what to say to make it better. Doesn't know exactly what Billy would want to make him feel better. Well, he can guess. But he's not ready to say that.

No matter how much Steve wants Billy, he cannot have him. And he knows that, he knows, but damn if his stomach doesn't want to listen.

If his heart isn't leaping around like he's longing to rescue this kicked puppy. If his hands don't ache at the tip of his finger bones to reach out and just touch, just fucking touch, that frizzy mess of blonde hair. Pet him until Billy looks like himself. Until he's the one—

Steve yanks his arms to cross over his chest.

"It's not that simple, Hargrove," he finally whispers.

And he thinks Billy registers that. Glancing down at the ground with a resounding sigh, he must get where Steve is coming from.

That it's not truly a matter of want. It's too risky, damn it's illegal in Indiana to do what they've done. To do what Steve would actually like to do.

To walk down the street holding hands. To kiss in public.

It's left unsaid in the space between them but it's something that they both know so damn well.

"I get it," Billy growls. And he sure as hell doesn't sound like he gets it. He sounds like he's got some fight in him yet. Like those sharp teeth that sunk into the back of Steve's neck and tried to kiss him so softly the other day can rip apart the law itself.

Steve has to hold down a gasp from believing it.



"I get it, pretty boy, I'm sure I get it more than you ever could." Billy levels him with an exasperated glare. "Ever been called a fag by your old man?"

And Billy's taking a step towards Steve. Away from the cliff side those familiar boots stomp heavy enough to leave prints in the dirt. The sound of them echo in Steve's rib cage he's still protecting with his crossed arms.

"Ever been knocked around for it? Ever been pinned to your high school's back wall and have some assholes take turns punching the queer out of you?"

"Jesus, man," Steve gasps, his breath jumpy as Billy keeps closing the distance.

"I'm gonna take a wild guess and say you fucking haven't, Harrington." And he's close enough to drawl that last name with so much vitriol and malice right next to Steve's face. It makes his whole body shiver with fear, and regretfully, something else. "So don't tell me: it's not simple!"

Their shoulders bumped against each other as Billy pushed passed. Knocking his big boots and bigger attitude against the dirt just as loudly as Steve's heart still pounding in his chest.

He spun around on his heels, white sneakers kicking up the pressed dirt below him. He tracked after Billy's retreating form like his life depended on it. And in a way, he figured it did. The tightness in his chest and the lightness in his head was going to leave him passed out on the ground of the quarry banks if he didn't settle this.

Never had Steve been so flustered, so desperate for attention before. With Nancy it was easy. Sure he longed, but he was confident in his charms. Now, with Billy, he couldn't be confident in anything. Not a single damn thing he was sure about.

All he was sure of was that Billy was leaving, again. Walking towards his Camaro, again. And Steve was going to be in that back sputter of his wheels, again.

“Wait!” Steve called after him.

Billy flinched. Those wide shoulders hiking up shortly before deflating back down. Like he’d been struck by the words solidly as a fist.

Those boots kept stomping along, kicking up dirt that got all over the front of Steve’s jeans as he followed.

He felt like the dirt was getting all over his swim trunks, and his scoops uniform. Covered in sweat, covered in cum. Lingered with a smell that was beer and cologne and something only Billy could make him crave.

He felt just as feral and scared following Billy now as he did those days. Needing Billy but not knowing the capacity he could have him. Just needing him, wanting him in every way he could.

In every way he can.

“Just, hey, wait a second, stop!” Steve prattled after him.

Billy finally did stop as he reached the hood of his parked Camaro. He laid one fat hand out like a tether onto the metal before turning to watch Steve catch up. The unfiltered moonlight surrounding them casted the whole act in a glow that only made Billy’s angry form that much more of a sight for sore eyes.

Nothing was said, so Steve had to gather his thoughts quicker than he was used to. “Why did you?” He asked.

Billy seemed taken aback. “Why did I what?”

Steve didn’t know how to talk it seemed, his words a mess inside his messy head. So he waved his arms around the quarry like that was some sort of unspoken obvious answer.

Billy’s eyebrow raise obviously meant it wasn’t. “Why did I call you, you mean, Stevie boy?” Billy sighed.

Steve just nodded. And that made Billy sigh again.

Then he lifted his hands to fish around into his jacket pockets. They lingered there, holding the fabric out like a tent. Like something he could hide under instead of actually answering.

But, just as he exhaled a breath Steve didn't know he was holding with him, Billy lifted his hands from his pocket to show off a key ring. A motel key ring, if Steve can remember it. He's driven by the gaudy place enough times to recognize the logo hanging from the big plastic charm.

"What's that?" Steve came a little closer, both curious of and drawn by the shiny key.

"The worst idea I've ever fuckin' had, next to you, of course," Billy scoffed, "or maybe the best. I can't decide."

He jingled the key around a little. Steve wanted to reach up and swat it like a cat toy. He held himself back, stopping just a couple arms lengths from the front of the Camaro.

Billy's eyes lingered on them just as Steve's were. It must have made it easier for him to talk.

"I'm supposed to be meeting Karen Wheeler for some late night swimming lessons at the motel 8," he chuckled dryly. "In my thick skull this is all supposed to be some perfect cover story. 'Bad boy who sleeps with the town's lonely housewives!'. Really takes up my time. Explains why I've been out so late. Why I've been seen parking on the better side of town."

He breaths long and greedy gulps of late night Indiana forest air. "But the thing is, man. I don't want to sleep with her. I want to be with you."

His eyes lifted to meet with Steve's. And Steve realizes that he's what the cover is for. Their desperate meetings that Steve dreamed up. Billy's going to sleep with Nancy's mom so he doesn't get caught with him. Red handed with another boy.

With however much it left a sour taste in his mouth, the feeling of

guilt dragging his stomach into the dirt was much, much stronger.

He opened to reply, but the only words swimming at the tip of his tongue was apologizes. And Steve wasn't sorry. Not in the least. He's realized he misses Billy too much to regret what they've done. What they have. Now he's also thinking, that maybe he misses Billy enough to want to keep him. So instead of saying 'sorry' for finding some pleasure in this rotten world with bad boy Billy Hargrove, Steve closes his eyes and whispers:

"Why did you kiss me?"

Billy sputters just like his motor as it peels out of Steve's street. "What—what?! I didn't, I didn't kiss you!—"

"You tried. You wanted to." Steve takes a step closer. Feeling courageous for the first time in a long time. Feeling more vulnerable than he ever did standing with his hips cocked next to Nancy at her school locker.

The motel key still dangling gets stuffed back into Billy's pocket. His legs quake and quiver like he wants to run from Steve's approach, yet Billy doesn't move anywhere.

"Sure, I wanted to, a pretty boy like you," Billy shrugs, his easy tone of voice a blast from the past if it wasn't so heartbroken.

"Hargrove, why did you want to?" Steve asked, walking now so his hip hits against the hood of the Camaro. "Just because I'm pretty? Just because I'm a guy?"

Billy's obviously holding his cards close to his chest, but his whole body swells when Steve gets close. Like he wants to reveal everything. And Jesus, so does Steve. But he lingers at the bumper.

"Because you're you, Harrington. Not just—not just because you're pretty. I mean sure," he rapped his knuckles against the metal of the hood. Steve felt the vibrations. "Don't need me to tell you that. But... you're: Steve." He dragged the last word out as long as he could. As if that explained everything.

Steve leveled him with a confused look that just seemed to hit Billy

between the ribs. Made his open face melt into something boyish and soft. Not the same kicked puppy look as before, this one is different.

This look is Billy leaned over him in a lawn chair, worshipping him, asking him if everything is okay. This is the Billy that Steve royally fucked up the first time.

“I like you, pretty boy. I think I might even be in love with you.”

“No, you don’t.” Steve exhaled. “Or you won’t, at least. Not when it counts.”

And the words felt like a water tap opening. Like a faucet on the side of a house creaking open to let cold drops of water out. To create a puddle of mud in the yard wherever they touched. Steve felt his chest swell with it until it hurt. His ribs physically hurt. His stomach even hurt. But he couldn’t stop the words from dripping.

“I’m not something that lasts. People don’t stick around me, okay? I’m just a novelty. People like me, and use me. And then they are done. They leave!” Steve brought a hand up to push through his hair. It was shaking so hard he almost missed the mark.

“No one stays, Billy. And that’s why this has to be just sex. Because if I know you, you’ll be no different.—”

“I won’t leave.” Billy cuts in. And he’s so abrupt. So cruel and crude with it. Just like the first day he stepped out of the Camaro. Just like when he shoved Steve to the ground outside Byers’ house. It took Steve’s breath away. Stopped all the oxygen from getting to his brain.

Steve could feel the way his eyes were swollen red with tears. How they dripped unhindered down his cheeks. But Steve couldn’t do anything, he was breathless.

All he could do was watch, mouth agape, as Billy glared him down.

“I ain’t gonna just leave you, Steve. I’m not fucking Nancy Wheeler. I already tried to leave you, and I, fuck, I can’t—I can’t stop thinking about you.” He paused for a second. Face frozen in a glare and a yell. His eyes wide with their seriousness. Blinking that shimmering blue ocean water back at Steve. Like Billy was about to cry himself.

"If I like you it means, I—I like you. And I want to be with you." Billy leveled him with that soft look. That one look that left Steve drowning.

"Can't you let me be with you?"

And Steve's thinking about all the faces of Billy. All the voices and sides. The anger and the softness. Every part of him he shows without a mask, without a filter, like he's totally unafraid of what Steve could do to him. Could insult him. Could out him.

Or maybe he is, and even through that fear he's still asking.

And how can Steve be so selfish. To let his fear stop him from what he wants, when Billy is presenting his own fear in a neatly wrapped box all for Steve. Laid out at his feet like when Steve had been fucked out and blissful on the counter of Scoops Ahoy, wrapped in a bow and waiting for Billy's hand to land a blow and simply hoping its gentle.

Even if he doesn't deserve it. He hopes the final blow is gentle.

"I...", Steve gasps through his half closed throat. Pushing around the salty tears to speak. "I can try, Billy. With you. Because it's you... I want to try."

Billy steps forward, his boots quiet underfoot, his body as timid as his hands as they lift to cradle the back of Steve's head. Thick fingers push through Steve's unkept hair like a saving grace. A heavy palm supports the nape of his neck as they turn him where they want him: facing Billy. As he looks at Steve with a face he hasn't seen yet. Contentment.

"Yeah?" Billy exhales.

"Yeah," Steve inhales.

Billy nods, his ocean blue eyes searching across Steve's face like it's the first time he's really looking with abandon. There's a handsome smirk pulling at Billy's lips. Before Steve can think, his words are taken right from him.

“Can I kiss you?”

And before Billy’s even got the sentence out Steve’s already thinking yes, yes.

This boy with his wild blond hair and blood-shot ocean water filled eyes. His big boots that make up for the inch Steve’s taller than him. His leather jacket and his dagger earring and his muscle car parked next to him. This boy, is who Steve wants to kiss.

“Please,” Steve begs, and before the word is finished Billy’s lips are already on his.

They spend every second of moonlight they have in each other’s space, arms around each other’s necks. Lips kiss swollen until they match the brilliant red of Billy’s left open button up shirt.

It feels like the beginning of a string of dates. Their hands aching to lace fingers together. But not wanting to rush. And when they finally do, they smile like they’ve gotten away with something.

Farther down the line maybe Billy will make Steve hurt again. Maybe Steve will beg for it again. Now, he’s simply laying down in the back seat of his midnight blue Camaro, wrapped up in that leather jacket feeling soft and whole. And he’s going to be a little selfish and hold onto it. As long as he can.

And any fees Billy might have to pay from that motel key being thrown off the side of the quarry, Steve’s willing to cover him.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you everyone for reading!!! I’m supper happy with how this turned out. I poured a lot of my soul into this filthy mess ☐☐ please leave a kudo and comment if you enjoyed y’all. And again. Thanks so much for reading 🐱🐱

### **Author's Note:**

This was a Pwp that got really feelings real quick ;) The first few chapters are just pure kink. Degrading

words, no after care, and filthy talk. The final will be Steve's struggles. And Billy's desperation. Thank you for reading and comment please??